

THE LEGEND OF THE WAR OFFICE RED (TAPE) BRIAR ROSE.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

VI.—THE HENLEY SECTION.

(Continued from June.)

These City Imperial Voluntaries, rhymeless and rhymed, are dedicated, as before, with the author's sincere admiration, to the Poet (not the Regatta).

JUNE 17TH, 18TH.—Night and the starless Void,
And cloud-rack canopies that veil
The undiscoverable vault of heaven ;
And, over the City's coruscating gloom,
High in his beetling four-square tower,
Big Ben, the bull's-eyed Constable,
Flashing his sentinel beam for sign
How, underneath, the nation's tireless brain
Seethes at its sacerdotal task of framing laws.

19TH.—With swirl of oozy ebb the River goes
Bedridden, bargee-blasphemous,
Lipping the terraced stones
Outworn with commerce of tea and cakes
And jaunty legislators' junketings.

20TH.—Within, the uncommunicative mace
(Symbol of that portentous sovereignty
Which stamps the people's choice,
Arch-progeny of the proletariat Will)
Watches the tragic comedy
Play out its tardy length to stertorous stalls.

21ST.—Hark where in windy platitudes,
Compound of the froth of undigested fact
And ponderous tub-thump wit of the hustings-wag,
Each for his own advertisement,
They rant—they bellow—they abuse.

22ND.—Here sits the Chief, disturbed
From healthy spasms of philosophic doubt,
Politely querulous of his truant ranks
Once counted adequate
To play the not-too-exigent part
Of gentlemanly walkers-on—
Now damned for irredeemable diners-out.

23RD, 24TH.—There lies the Opposition's fold
Incurably divided from itself—
These, ralliant to their country, right or wrong,
Those, cheek by jowl against her, wrong or right
And, in the desperate interval, behold
The dubious Campbell-wether of the flock
Protagonising in his own despite,
And butted fore and aft
Whither not he nor they precisely know.

25TH.—This is our Ancient Mother of Parliaments,
Fallen on dotage-days
Varied by episodic savagery,
But, for the rest,
Abyssmal, desolate, irreclaimably dull.
What have we done to you,
Mother, O Mother,
That you requite us with so quaint a farce,
Such disillusioning parody of your Prime ?

26TH, 27TH.—Inveterate airs that blow
As from a dim orchestral Age of Brass ;—
A rout of coryphées that toil and spin
With lustre of whirling lace and giddy gyre
Of hose rough-hued to ape
The arduous leg within ;—
Sallies of immemorial patriot wit,
Potent to kill, but impotent to pass ;—

And lo !

London's immeasurable mouth agape
From gallery to trancéd pit
With worship ; her Imperial eyes aglow
With the divine ecstatic fire !

28TH TO 30TH.—There is no male here, this ambrosial night,
But feels the manhood vocal in his veins.
There is no woman, if I read them right,
But in her hidden heart
Enavies yon breezy sylph the art
By which she turns these virile brains
To irreducible pulp, and sets the breast
Apant behind its hedge of shining shirt.
What unconjecturable spell
Inspires this exquisite torture of unrest,
Or where the point of what the humorous mime
Says, and the sudden midriff splits—
Not I, who rarely enter here, can tell.
They, rather, who from unremembered time
Follow the same old Grace's flying skirt,
The same old amorous play of pencilled eyes,
And the unwearied acrobacy of wits
Reiterate past fear of rude surprise—
These, lifting voluntaries clear and strong,
May quire aloud what happy quest is theirs
Who tread the nightly stairs
Of London's luminous Halls of Mirth and Song.

O. S.

LAMENTATIONS OF LONDON.

[“ The Government have abandoned their Education Bill. The fate of the Cockerton schools is still undecided.”—*Daily Paper.*]

Mother City speaks :

DARK are the dens in my teeming life-centres
Where Poverty makes her unspeakable lair,
Where breeze never blows and no sun ever enters—
But darker than all is the ignorance there.
Lust, greed—all the crimes that are damned by the preachers,
Mid filth of the body and filth of the mind—
These, these are my little ones' eloquent teachers,
And this is the school where my sons are confined.

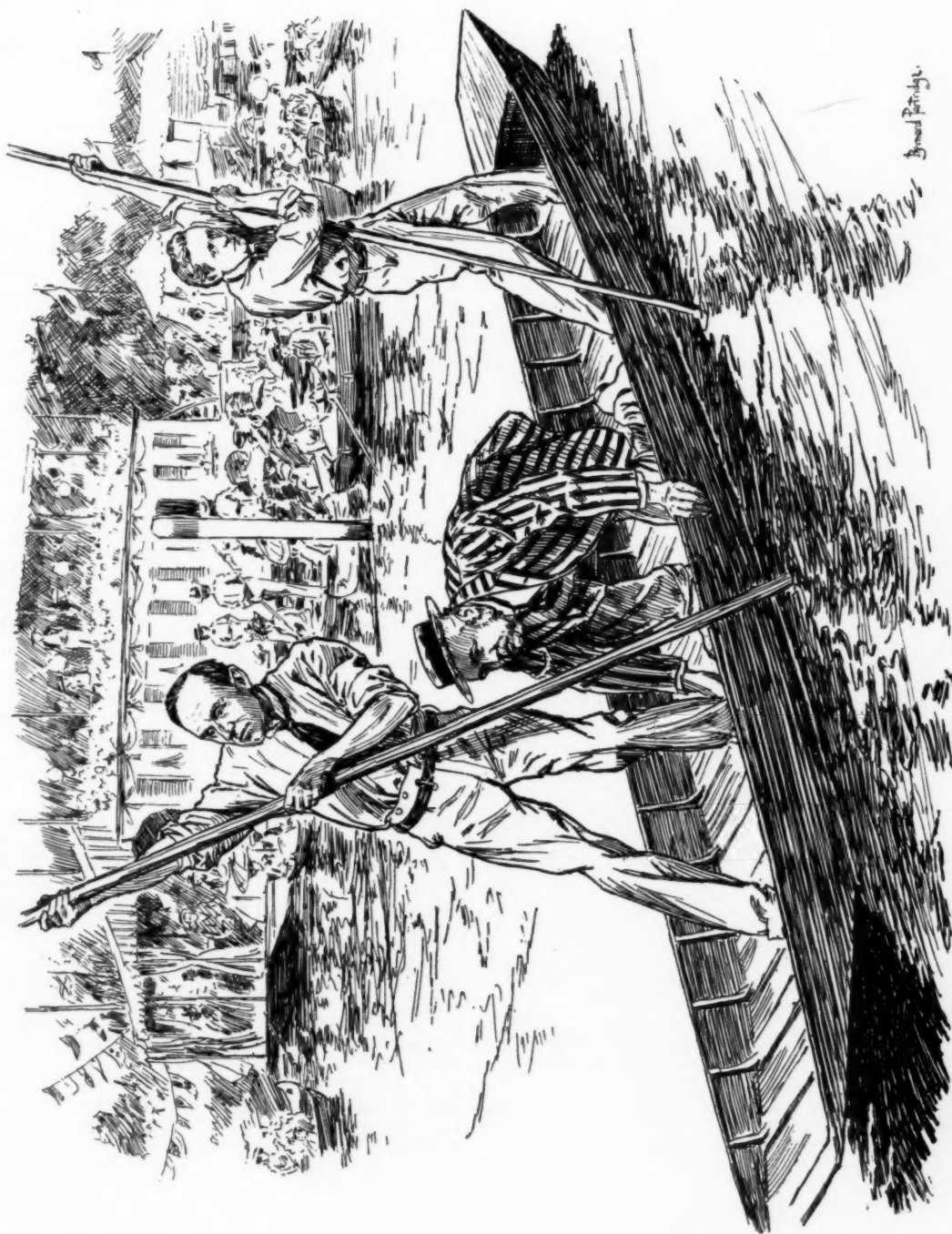
Ah, think of the foulness that strangles and smothers
Any seed of the good that may struggle to bloom !
Think, Parliament, think of your poor stricken brothers
Sunk deep in these caverns of squalor and gloom !
From these perilous haunts let my sons be protected,
From these nests of black gaol-birds, oh, save them in
time !

How can they know virtue when left so neglected ?
How can they be honest, untaught save in crime ?

Come, open your purse ! Let the least in the nation
Be trained in the use of his hand and his eye !
Fling open your schools, for in them lies salvation,
By them is the country to live or to die !
Then still shall I see my poor children enjoying
The rights that brave hearts and true citizens rear—
You spend in one brief little week of destroying
As much as I ask for my schools in a year.

KRUGER AND KONCERTO !—The new opera by Mynheer PAUL KRUGER is to be entitled *Der Ring des Rotterdammerungen*. The principal part of *Der Rotter* will be played by Oom sweet Oom PAUL, who will accompany the other artists.

WHAT was shot by the “ Tuppenny Tube ” ?
Why, the Inner Circle.



OPPOSITE POLES.

Mr. Campbell B-n-n-r-m-n (to Mr. J-h-n M-r-r-y), "MAYBE I'M WRONG; BUT I THINK YOUR END'S GOING BEST."

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URBS IN RURE.

"WHAT the doctor says TOMMY wants is *nourishment*," Mrs. BOFFIN declared emphatically. "He wants good wholesome country food."

"Very well, my dear," her husband had replied listlessly. "But I don't believe you will be able to get him any better food in the country than you can in Bayswater. In the Grove——"

"Nonsense, JOHN," said Mrs. BOFFIN. "You know what Dr. HARVEY said. London food is all adulterated. It is kept in refrigerators and treated with chemical preservatives till it has lost all nutritive qualities. What TOMMY needs is fresh country milk and butter, fresh eggs, fresh meat and poultry."

"Very well, dear," her husband replied again. "Have it your own way."

So Mrs. BOFFIN went forth and took lodgings in a Surrey village, three miles from a railway station, where the scenery was delightfully rural, and where TOMMY's health might be quickly re-established by wholesome English food. The morning after their arrival Mrs. BOFFIN's troubles over poor TOMMY's diet began. "Hasn't the milkman brought any cream; this morning, Mrs. SMITH?" she asked.

"I'm afraid you won't get any cream hereabouts, mem," said that lady much as if her visitor had asked for the moon.

"No cream, Mrs. SMITH?"

"No, mem; not unless you was to get it in the village. Mrs. KNAPP down at the shop has some sometimes. She gets it in jars from London."

"But I want fresh cream," Mrs. BOFFIN urged; "that will not be fresh."

"It won't be *fresh*, mem, certainly," Mrs. SMITH agreed, evidently thinking that an irrelevant consideration.

Mrs. BOFFIN knitted her brows. The problem of TOMMY's morning cream seemed likely to be more difficult than she anticipated.

"Very well, Mrs. SMITH," she said, after a moment's thought; "you must take plenty of fresh milk every night, and we will get the cream from that."

"It is very difficult to get *fresh* milk here, mem," replied Mrs. SMITH. "It all goes to London. There's *Swiss* milk, of course," she added, cheerfully.

"Oh, but that won't do at all," said poor Mrs. BOFFIN. "I must enquire about another milkman at once. By the way, Mrs. SMITH, don't forget to have plenty of fresh eggs in the house. They must be new-laid."

"You can't get noo-laid eggs here, mem," Mrs. SMITH replied, rather tartly, stung, perhaps, by the unreasonable character of the request. "There's *French* eggs, of course," she added, meditatively. "You could get them at the shop."

"But have you no fowls here? Can't I



Bulkley. "YES; HER PARENTS PERSUADED HER, AND IT'S ALL OVER BETWEEN US." *Sympathetic Friend.* "SHE CAN'T HAVE REALISED WHAT A LOT SHE WAS GIVING UP."

get any eggs at all?" Mrs. BOFFIN enquired, anxiously.

"There's *Russian* fowls, mem," said Mrs. SMITH. "Mrs. KNAPP has them twice a week from Leadenhall Market; you can get them at the shop same as the eggs."

"But I don't want *Russian* fowls," Mrs. BOFFIN answered querulously. "I want *Surrey* fowls. I thought *Surrey* was famous for poultry."

"Oh, yes, mem," said Mrs. SMITH. "We have beautiful fowls. But they all goes up to London, same as the eggs and the milk and the cream and the butter."

"The butter, Mrs. SMITH!" cried Mrs. BOFFIN in horror. "Have you no fresh butter either?"

"It's quite *fresh*, mem," Mrs. SMITH

replied in an injured tone. "Very good butter it is—*Danish*."

"But I don't understand this," Mrs. BOFFIN moaned. "Your eggs, you say, come from France, your butter from Denmark, your cream from London, your fowls from Russia, your milk from Switzerland. Is there no fresh food of any kind that I can procure here? Where do you get your meat from?"

"Oh, that comes from New Zealand, mem," Mrs. SMITH answered, simpering.

"But you have sheep and cows in Surrey, haven't you?" Mrs. BOFFIN said crossly. "Why have you neither milk nor mutton?"

"They're all wanted for the London market, mem," replied Mrs. SMITH.

ST. J. H.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Handbook of the Administrations of Great Britain (SMITH, ELDER) is an epitome of the History of Great Britain during the nineteenth century. Compressed within the space of 350 pages, it is none the less complete. Mr. CULLING CARR-GOMM's method is simple, when you come to think of it; its working-out easy, if you are prepared to devote far-reaching research to the production of what in measurement and avoirdupois weight comes to very little. Each brief chapter contains a list of the Cabinets of successive Administrations, from Mr. ADDINGTON's in the spring of 1801 to Lord SALISBURY's Third in the summer of 1895. A summary of the principal events happening under successive Administrations is given. My Baronite recognises in the handy volume a masterpiece of lucid summary. Its value is increased by a full index.

Mr. ARTHUR RICKETT's *Mimes and Rhymes* (BRIMLEY JOHNSON) is a bright and pleasant little book of *jeux d'esprit* and parodies in prose and verse. Mr. RICKETT has a happy knack of ridicule. The flavour is pungent but never acid.

The reader of *Deborah of Tod's* expects much when he comes across a new novel by Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE. He will not be disappointed on taking up *Catherine of Calais* (SMITH, ELDER). The title is not particularly attractive or in adequate degree descriptive. My Baronite confesses that, guided by it solely, apprehending another of the increasingly tiresome pseudo-historical works now happily in waning fashion, he would have passed it over. CATHERINE chanced to pass her childhood in Calais, the thrall of a cruel aunt, and as *Deborah*, being "of Tod's," was a great success, so *Catherine* is "of Calais." The longer and fuller portion of her life is lived in London and in the Devonshire Mrs. DE LA PASTURE knows so well. The story is strikingly original because of avoidance of what seemed an obvious turn. When pretty *Catherine* gives her passionate heart, her sparkling life into the keeping of a handsome, impassive man, old enough to be her father, the inured novel-reader naturally expects that by-and-bye a younger knight will come along, will love and will ride away with the fair and guilty wife. There is a passage in an early chapter which indicates this ordinary conclusion of the matter. Possibly it was contemplated, or perhaps the hint was only artful, designed to lead astray. However it be, Mrs. DE LA PASTURE has chosen the better way, keeping *Catherine* pure and faithful to the last. The characters, many and various, are drawn with unerring skill. *Lady Sarah Adelstane* is etched with a light, firm, glowing touch that recalls the master-hand of THACKERAY.

The ninth volume of the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, published by Mrs. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST, of 49, Rupert Street, and edited by Lady RANDOLPH SPENCER CHURCHILL, is, as was said of the song in *Twelfth Night*, "more excellent" than the others, that is, than the preceding volumes—not as to the contents, but as to the binding, on which subject there is an interesting and learned article by an expert. The frontispiece is an admirable likeness of our Gracious Queen ALEXANDRA, and the reproduction of the three portraits of Cardinal RICHELIEU is excellent. Mr. ANDREW LANG has an interesting article on SMOLLETT, who, he thinks—and rightly—has long ceased to be a popular author, which information is on a par with the news suddenly brought us of the decease of Her Majesty Queen ANNE. Mr. LANG misquotes a classic when he writes the line—

Artaxom. Alas, my Bom- (dies)
Bombastes.—'Bastes he would have said.

But this he can put right by a more careful study of that immortal work. Where the Baron once detects a misquote he begins to be cautious. The similarity between *Barry Lyndon* and "*Ferdinand Count Fathom*" is, to the Baron's thinking, not sufficiently brought out and insisted on, and of the parallelism between DICKENS and SMOLLETT he would willingly have heard more. EDWIN SHARPE GREW's article on the Physiognomy of newspapers would be imperfect did it not deal with Mr.

Punch's own remarkable and unique physiognomy. He should have given Mr. MILLIKEN's reply, as narrated in Mr. SPIELMANN's invaluable history of *Punch*, to the lady who complained that "*Punch* is not so good as it used to be." "No," replied MILLIKEN, "it never was." Mr. GREW alludes by implication to this most happy mot. The Baron congratulates Mrs. CORNWALLIS-WEST and Lady RANDOLPH (a dual personality) on this pleasant volume, of which it can be honestly said, judging alone from the outside, that "it is bound to please." BARON DE B.-W.

OCCASIONAL OPERATIC NOTES.

La Tosca. Better have left *La Tosca*, with SARA BERNHARDT for the heroine, as a melodrama, than have chosen it for a musical setting, even when the music is PUCCINI's. But that throughout it is most dramatic is what "nobody can deny." How fortunate to find as interpreters a Fräulein TERNINA for *Floria Tosca*, and a De MARCHI for *Mario Cavaradossi*—(what memories does not the name of *Mario* recall in Opera!),—with Signor SCOTTI for *Baron Scarpia*, all so vocally, musically and dramatically excellent. Without such artistes as these, what would become of the Opera, *quâ Opera*? 'Tis good, but not great. Where are such rare merits in it as will make it live? PUCCINI's *La Tosca* is for all sorts of "time," but not for an age. By the way, how true a motto for any Opera is "*Tempora mutantur*"!

The comic *Sacristan* is capitably played by M. GILLIBERT, the character recalling some trait of *Calchas* in *La Belle Hélène*. The entire Opera excellently rendered with Policeman MANCINELLI on his beat in the orchestra.

Tuesday.—In three acts, all "made in Germany," *Tristan und Isolde*. A fine performance. TERNINA magnificent in acting and singing. Everybody enthusiastic. MARIE BREMA admirable as usual, and Baritone BISPHAM—(Quite a title this! Almost as good as "Baronet BISPHAM," or "BISPHAM, Bart.")—not a whit behind the best of 'em, pick 'em where you like. The tenor, with the regular knock-me-down name of FORCHHAMMER, if not startling, was at all events pleasing, as being never untuneful. The chorus, an "unconsidered trifle" where WAGNER has his sing and say, satisfactory. Orchestra, under LOHSE, quite up to the mark—"the König Marke"—and scenery as good as they can make it, though what the great improvements in stage machinery may have been, of which so much was heard and now so little has been seen, it is difficult to arrive at. House full and "smart."

Thursday.—Great disappointment for some of us, who had been eagerly looking forward to the *Huguenots* with SUZANNE ADAMS, LUCIENNE BRÉVAL, Signor de MARCHI, and Fräulein FRISKY SCHEFF—(No, beg pardon!—how the mis-schaff could the mistake have arisen?—*on veut dire* "FRITZI SCHEFF")—as Urbain, the Page of Huguenot musical history. But who shall foresee the events of a rehearsal? Who shall protect the delicate throat? Notices are wired far and near, "*Opera changed to Faust*. BRÉVAL indisposed." Alas! poor BRÉVAL! May she speedily recover her voice, and may this deponent be there to hear her sing the "*Tu m'ami*," with the best tenor able to thrill the house, tear himself from his Valentine, and jump like a springheel'd lover into the street below.

Faust, always old, always to be revived, and ever available for rejuvenising. M. SALIGNAC as the "Old Master Restored" (a good and artistic sub-title for the opera herewith presented gratis to the Syndicate C. G.) is not all one could wish; still, for his performance "*tol lol*" is an adequate musical and vocal formula. JOURNET as *Mephisto*, *pro hac vice* "for this journey," sufficeth; but "caparisons are odorous," so no more at present, except to exclaim with the nautical William, "What! SUSAN, ahoy!" and to add that those who have not seen Miss SUZANNE ADAMS when she sings and plays *Marguerite* have yet something to live for. "*Qui vivra, verra*." And so into July, and the Grand Finale within measurable distance.

"VOILÀ CE QUE L'ON DIT DE MOI!"

("Dans la Gazette de Hollande!"—Song of (Prince) Paul in Offenbach's "La Grande Duchesse.")



WHEN the war first began, the Boers quite believed

That KRUGER might capture the QUEEN;
For the fibs that he told
To the people he "sold,"
Were odd and uncommonly mean!

But later, when matters began to look black,

The President thought he would hide;
So he mounted his "gee"
(Like Gilpin was he),
And straightway went off for a ride.

When they found from that ride that he did not return,

They searched, but the search was in vain,

For PAUL in this plight
Had now taken flight,
And was lodged, for a while, in a train.

But the foe drew too close to our Oom PAUL's abode,

So lest he a captive should be,
He said, "Inform STEYN
That I now fully mean
To take a long voyage by sea."

Mrs. KRUGER, who wrote when he reached
the sea-port,
Begged PAUL that he'd take her with him.

But he wired, "My dear,
I can't have you here;
No time to indulge this new whim."

From the ship *Gelderland*, which the Queen
of the Dutch

Lent our valiant, fugitive hero,
He landed in France
Where he hoped to advance
His cause, which just then stood at zero.

Though banquets they gave to Oom PAUL
and his suite

(Such stuffing was fit quite to kill 'em),
He saw with some pain
He must "move on" again

And said, "I'll seek Emperor VILLEM."

But VILLEM had bus'ness that took him
away,

So couldn't dear Oom PAUL receive,
Who then in dismay
Set sail the next day
For Holland his cause to retrieve.

There, too, he did not get "material aid,"
But met with a "hearty ovation";

With music and showers
Of beautiful flowers

Evincing the joy of the nation.

They paraded with banners before his
hotel,—

PAUL KRUGER no rest could obtain;
For they sang till past one,
And then hadn't done,
But chorus'd again and again.

At length some transparencies, brightly
lit up,

His men to the crowd did display:

The words made 'em weep,

"Hush! KRUGER must sleep!"

So, tearfully, all crept away.

And now his dear friends who are making
a fuss,

A vigilant eye on 'him keep,

And they ask, speaking low

As they walk on tip-toe,

"Is our wide-awake PAUL still asleep?"

BRITISH BRUTALITY.

WITH regard to the outcry recently raised by Miss HOBHOUSE and others anent the conditions of the Boer Refuge Camps for women and children, Mr. Punch's Lady Commissioner, having made exhaustive enquiries, now reports as follows:—

I can fully believe in any enormities alleged, or to be alleged, against the British, as I found a most shocking state of things existing.

1. The supply of Hairpins is wholly inadequate.

2. The whole camp of 573 women had but one back number of a Ladies' paper amongst them, with a fashion-plate depicting a positively odious costume of last season.

3. Only five bottles of Violettes de Parme scent were to be found throughout.

4. No spirit-lamps for the proper heating of curling-tongs—this is a fact.

5. Owing to their military duties, none of the British officers ever come in to afternoon tea with, or do anything to socially entertain, the Boer ladies. This is looked upon as particularly brutal conduct, and makes one quite inclined to believe in almost any charge of neglect.

6. It will hardly be credited when I say that not a single set of Ping-Pong is to be found throughout the whole of the Refuge Camp!

7. Ladies' maids are almost impossible to obtain. All the Boer women have to do their own hair.

8. A salmon mayonnaise is simply an unknown luxury. The Boer ladies ask for ices to be supplied regularly to the Refuge, but the authorities refuse—beg pardon—refuse, I should say, their request.

9. There is no Ladies' Golf Club.

In conclusion, I venture to make a small suggestion. It is that those Boer ladies peopling the Refuge Camps should be brought over to England and given a season in town at the expense of the country. This would silence every complaint, and make things pleasant all round.

A "GO" AT THE GAIETY.



LESSEE and Manager GEORGE EDWARDES is a lucky man: his horse wins, his theatre wins. It takes a trainer and a jockey to do the victorious horse trick, but it takes two authors, two lyricists, and two composers, with designers and makers of costumes, of dresses, of uniforms, of hats, of wigs, "properties," floral decorations, and gloves, all mentioned in the playbill (and what a serious matter the pay-bill must be!) to achieve success for "Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Production," *The Toréador*, at the Gaiety Theatre.

Certainly, the horse's gallop at racing pace is over in a few minutes; a mere breathing space, and we knew the worst or best, but it may take weeks to decide the fate of a piece, whether it shall run for months or "come off" after a spirited struggle for life.

Gaiety pieces, or rather musical plays—(they are scarcely "plays," and "extravaganzas" may be the more fitting description),—brought out wherever they may be, at Daly's, or the Lyric, or anywhere else, as long as they are produced by Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES, on the EDWARDES' method and plan, may or may not at first make a "palpable hit," but after a while, by the strictest attention to business on the part of all concerned in the production, whatever doesn't "go" goes out, and in its place something that makes a hit is substituted, until the patchwork of necessarily eccentric design, perhaps without any design at all, becomes a far more brilliant and attractive piece (or piecing) of work than was the original. I have seen a thorough artist in his studio discard an almost finished picture, which seemed to my somewhat particular eye uncommonly good, and recommence the work on a fresh canvas, simply because in the first he had not come up to his own ideal; and, after a time, I have testified to the vast improvement on the first picture when he has completed the same subject on his second canvas.

So it is with Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES and his musical plays; so it is with this present musical play, written by Messrs. TANNER and NICHOLLS, lyricised by ROSS and GREENBANK; music composed for it by CARYL and MONCKTON; which music, light and full of tune and go, presents no striking novelty, no very original and catching melody; and, as the music, so the piece, which being bright, light, uninteresting but amusing, easy, not brilliant dialogue, and with nothing to arrest the attention in business or situation, carries one along for three hours through a pleasant song-and-dance country, presenting, however, few features that can compare with the charming *San Toy*, the delightful *Geisha*, or the eccentric *Messenger Boy*. But, on the EDWARDES' method, it may yet rival and beat all its predecessors, outrunning them all with two or three hundred nights in hand.

As far as "character" may be looked for in such a piece, Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, Junior, with his song "*Everybody's awfully good to me*," by PAUL RUBENS, has the best of it; while for eccentricity Mr. EDMUND PAYNE's *Sammy Gigg* the tiger is incomparable. Ah! what couldn't Mr. EDMUND PAYNE do if—but no matter, let's take him as he is and for what he is, and rejoice in him as "a thing of beauty and a joy for" the entire run of any piece in which he plays a leading part. Mr. LIONEL MACKINDER represents one of those modern musical-piece young men whose special *métier* came into existence with HAYDON COFFIN's success, and who are gradually settling down into a recognised classification as "Gaiety-good-young-man, A Go. with-the-girls young man," who can dance a bit, sing a bit, speak a bit, "here a bit and there a bit, and everywhere a bit," and all good of its kind. With EDMUND PAYNE is associated bright Miss VIOLET LLOYD, and their duets and eccentric character dances are capital; but in their predecessors they have "over dangerous" rivals.

Miss CLAIRE ROMAINE has the best song in the piece, "*Maud*" (not the elderly spinster invited into the garden), which meets

with hearty encores; while Miss MARIE STUDHOLME and Miss FLORENCE COLLINGBOURNE have, with Messrs. GROSSMITH and MACKINDER, the pick of the quartette singing and dancing. Miss MAIDIE HOPE comes out well with Mr. RUBENS' song of "*The Toréador*"—(very rash of Mr. RUBENS to choose such a subject, and clever of him to get away entirely from the only "*Toréador contento*" so familiar to all of us)—and Miss QUEENIE LEIGHTON gives so much of intensity to the jealousy of *Dona Teresa* as brings out, in sharp contrast with it, the comic terror and the absurd amativeness of Mr. PAYNE.

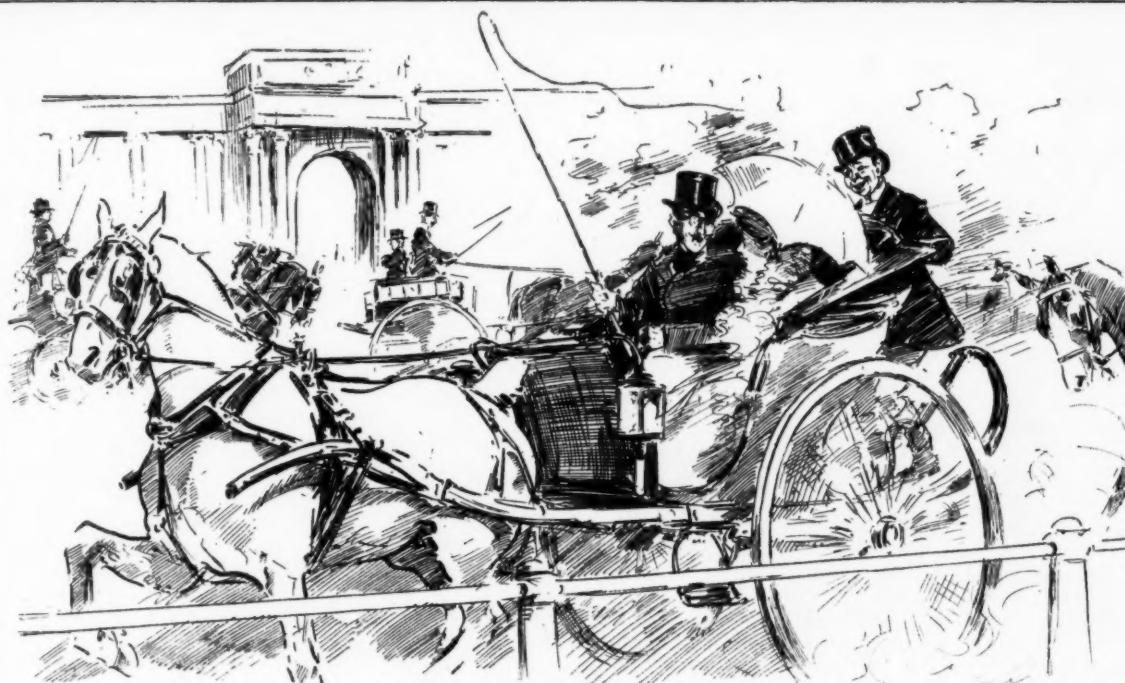
Mr. WILLIE WARDE is funny as the Bandmaster, his make-up defying identification; but, for once, having taught everyone else how to dance, he takes no steps to show what he could do on his own account. Mr. IVAN CARYLL working harder as conductor than he seems to have done as composer, gives an impulse to the plaudits of a crowded and appreciative house. Summary of evening's entertainment: "great pleasure and little Payne."

FROM FATHER THAMES TO THE OARSMEN.

WELL, boys, you're here again at Henley, the home of youth and strength and endeavour; at Henley, where for more than sixty years my Naiads, the fair, fresh daughters of a hoary parent, have watched your swift boats cleaving the pellucid surface of the river, and from the depths below have acclaimed your skill, your endurance and your triumphs. How is it to be with you this year? Is the ancient Cup, engraved with so many noble names, to be won by you, my sons, or is it to become the proud ornament of some foreign, if fraternal, Club? Shall Leander have it again, shall New College for a year glow with its possession, or shall I hide my mournful head while the doughty Pennsylvanians or the brave Belgians carry it in glory to a distant shore? Many are the chances. I control the river. It is fair and equal for all. But the winds are tricky, treacherous customers, fellows of whims and caprices, of sudden dislikes and an uncontrollable temper. The winds are not within my rule. *Notus*, *Boreas*, and the rest owe fealty to *Aeolus*, and *Aeolus*, the lasher of waves, was ever an enemy to me and mine. Let us flatter him while there is yet time, and entreat him to send at most a Zephyr, a gentle breeze that may make the water smile, and blow with equal favour behind the racing crews.

You, O dauntless Belgians, have visited me before. I welcome you again, and wish you well. But for you, friends from far Philadelphia, I have a special greeting. I like your pluck, your eager spirit of adventure, your emulous desire to wrest the trophies of our old world from our hands. A fair course you shall have, and, for the rest, such fortune as your skill and vigour deserve. You have come to tug the old Lion good-humouredly by the beard—not to twist his much enduring tail. He's a sleepy beast; see how he yawns and stretches his big limbs, and looks for all the world as though effort and agile swiftness were beyond him. But there's a fire in his eye still, and his muscles are well strung and—well, I think he's got it in him, and he'll try his best now that you've put him to it. Of one thing you may be sure. You have come three thousand miles over weary wastes of ocean, and now you are our friends. We clasp your hands, and give you place in our brotherhood of oarsmen. Henceforth you are with us and of us in honour and in all loyal manly strife. Loss or gain, victory or defeat, what, after all, do they matter? We play the game—you and we—for the sake of the glorious game itself. Success is a thing of a moment, defeat nobly endured can leave no sting. But loyalty and chivalry and friendship—these remain with us all, a possession for ever. May your memories of the Old Country, and of the men you strive against be sweet and pleasant. We shall do all we can to make them so.—Yours in friendship and good-will,

FATHER THAMES.



THE LATEST SCANDAL.

'WHICH, OF COURSE, MUST NOT GO ANY FARTHER.' NOW THEY WONDER HOW THE STORY GOT ABOUT!

"A BERLIN!"

"Modernstyle."

SCENE — Charlottenburg. Enter rapidly various motor cars. From them descend French chauffeurs.

First Citizen (with enthusiasm). Hoch!

Second, Third and Fourth Citizens, and everyone else (also with enthusiasm). Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!

The Chauffeurs (removing masks, goggles, leather coats, gauntlets, &c.). A la bonne heure! Enfin! Quelle chaleur! Quelle poussière! Quelle route! Mais sont-ils charmants, ces Allemands, hein! Mon Dieu, j'ai une soif! Garçon, un bock. Deux bocks. Cinq bocks. Une dizaine de bocks.

Waiter. Ja, ja, ja! Komme gleich.

Ludwig Müller (clasping the hand of a chauffeur). Ach, Himmel! Herr BASSOMPIERRE. Es freut mich sehr. Kolossal! Wunderbar!

Auguste de Bassompierre. Pardon! Je ne comprends pas. Tiens! Si je ne me trompe pas, c'est Monsieur LUDWIG. Enchanté!

Lud. Ja, ja, ja! Herr AUGUST. Grossartig!

Aug. You speaks English, not is it, dear Mister? You not have forgetted him? Me, you know, I not know the German.

Lud. I am the German.

Aug. I not him speak.

Lud. Ach so! Yes, yes, yes. So speak

we English. Now come you in Berlin to the first time?

Aug. But yes. Hold! I have one thirst.

Lud. Bitte? If you please?

Aug. Je veux bien. I wish well. One bitter, one bock.

Lud. Ach so! Kellner, zwei Glas Bier. Bitte. If you please. Prosit!

Aug. To the amiable eaters of the Germany. Live the eaters!

Lud. Bitte? I understand not. Wherefore the eaters. It is true man eat much in Germany, but man drink yet more and yet willinglier. Kellner, noch zwei Bier.

Aug. Pardon! Not the eaters, qui mangent, but the eaters, qui chauffent, les chauffeurs. Ah, there is one H. I not know ever to aspire the English H. Live the H—H—Hcatters!

Lud. Ach so! With H. But take you yourself in care, or shall you one blood-vessel in the head burst. Drink we yet one glass beer. Our French guests! High, high, high!

Aug. Thousand thanks! You also, dear Mister, you are chauffeur?

Lud. Natürlich, naturely. I find that the motor waggondriving colossal amusing is.

Aug. Eh bien, alors! As all the sportsmen, we are camarades, we are brothers.

Lud. Yes well, dear friend. (They clasp hands, and raise their glasses again). Only the Englander loves not the motorwaggon.

Astounding, not true, because he always the sport love?

Aug. Ah, the English. It is, perhaps at cause of this war. They not can to think to other thing. We others Germans and Frenches, peoples so peaceables, we have the time of us to amuse. But that not shall to endure. The King of ENGLAND is chauffeur. As soon the war finished, or even more soon, the English shall become enraged of the automobilism. Are they voyagers, these English! One encounters Mister JOHN BULL and Missis and the young Miss partout. Eh well, before little they shall voyage in automobile. They commence already to construct some automobiles. As carriagers they are very stronges. Perhaps, more late, we others Frenches we shall go to buy the automobiles at London. That may himself.

Lud. Perhaps. Now dine you with me, dear friend.

Aug. Ah, my dear, you are one not can more amiable. Enchanted! Regard then my automobile.

(They go off, arm in arm, discussing wheels, tyres, breaks, levers, petroleum, electricity, and such thiugs. The Citizens (with undiminished ardour). Hoch, hoch, hoch!

The Chauffeurs. Vive l'Allemagne!

The Winner. Vive l'Empereur! (Suddenly remembers he is a Frenchman and a Republican.) Vive le Sport!

H. D. B.



Daughter of the House. "ARE WE REALLY HELPING YOU, THOMAS!"

Thomas. "LAWK-A-MUSSY! YES, MIES; A'MOST THE SAME AS IF YOU WAS GROWED UP."

Daughter of the House. "THEN WHY DON'T YOU ASK US IF WE'D LIKE A DROP O' ZUMMAT?"

A VERY MEMORABLE DATE.

(The Fourth of July, 1901.)

"WHAT! what! what!" cried the first shade confronting the other. The Elysian grove was all but deserted, and only these two celebrities were present. "What! what! what!"

"Surely, Sire," remonstrated the other, "you can drop earthly peculiarities in this pleasant place."

"I am indebted to you, Mr. WASHINGTON," responded King GEORGE THE THIRD, "for the suggestion, but, as you are no doubt aware, there is nothing more difficult to eradicate than a favourite habit. Moreover, my 'What-what-whats' and 'Why-why-whys' serve to earmark me and preserve my identity."

GEORGE WASHINGTON smiled and bowed. "You wished to speak to me I think, when you made your favourite ejaculation?"

"It was only to suggest that there seems to be a great demonstration going on in that large hotel in the Strand, where so many huge banquets are held.

If I am not mistaken, numbers of my own loyal subjects and successors to those misguided emigrants who followed your pernicious example are to be present. I was about to say—"

"Forgive me for interrupting you, Sire," put in GEORGE WASHINGTON, "but you know politics are forbidden in this peaceful spot."

"Well, loyalists and rebels are fraternising. They have crossed the Union Jack with that flag upon which your armorial bearings appear without the consent of the Earl Marshal."

"Pray leave my armorial bearings alone!" said GEORGE WASHINGTON, a trifle testily. "They are to be found in your Herald's College properly displayed, representing a good old English family, and surely that should be sufficient to satisfy his Grace of NORFOLK."

"It gives me infinite pleasure to get an innocent rise out of you," replied King GEORGE THE THIRD, in great good humour; "but tell me, Mr. (or shall I call you General?) WASHINGTON, what is the

cause of all that enthusiasm down below? Why are Britons and Americans fraternising, and toasting one another's institutions?"

"They are keeping the Fourth of July."

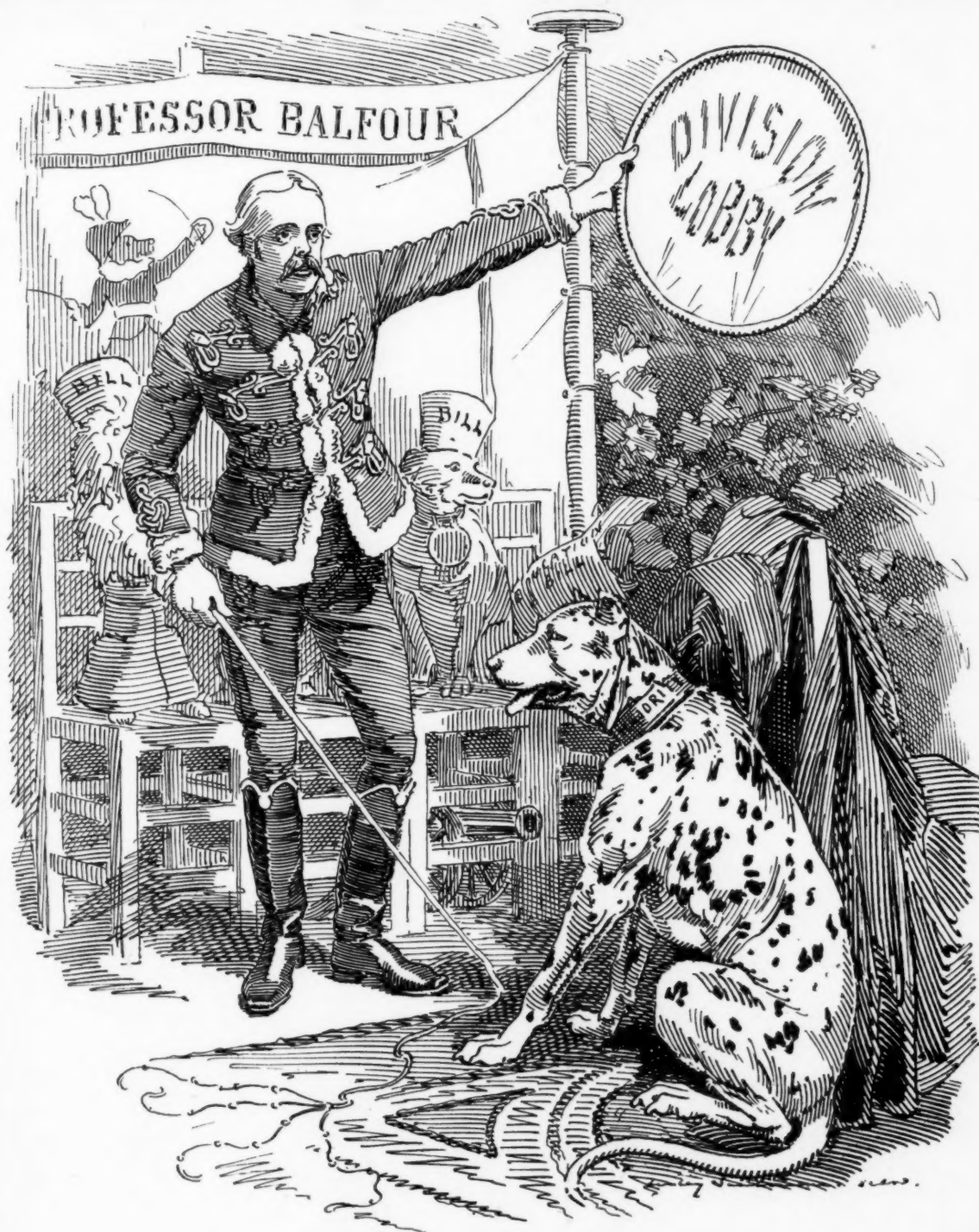
"Dear me—my memory fails me—the Fourth of July?"

"Surely you remember, Sire, that on the Fourth of July the Independence of the United States was declared."

"Oh, yes; I ask your pardon. Ah, to be sure, and that was the birthday of—"

"The love between England and America. I congratulate your Majesty upon the fact that both you and your subjects and I and my followers can celebrate the anniversary with equal satisfaction." And the two shades exchanged snuff-boxes.

FLOR-ADORE. — When ex-President KRUGER was in Amsterdam the other day, "young ladies strewed blossoms before him to tread upon." Of course they were corn-flowers.



THE LAZY DOG.

PROFESSOR A. J. BALFOUR (with *Four-lined Whip*). "I DON'T ASK ANYTHING ORIGINAL. BUT, HANG IT, YOU MIGHT GO THROUGH THE SIMPLE OLD TRICK!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 24.—There is nothing small or mean about Mr. ALFRED PICKWICK DAVIES, Member of Parliament for the Carmarthen District. He has all the high-mindedness and simple dignity of the genial gentleman whose personality he realises for the present generation. As a statesman he distrusts the COLONIAL SECRETARY. Carmarthen District has committed to his hands a solemn charge he is proud to cherish.

"Keep your eye on JOE," was the last injunction he received when Carmarthen District sent him to Parliament.

No one can accuse him of laggard



In the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery.
(A pencil snap-shot.)

service in the cause of his country and of Carmarthen. Ominously early in career of new Parliament DON JOSÉ became conscious of a strange magnetic influence. Unconsciously obedient, he found his gaze attracted to the lower end of Front Bench below Gangway opposite, and beheld, as he thought, the cherished hero of his earlier excursion into literature—Mr. Pickwick. Illusion strengthened when, a few days after Parliament had settled down, Member for Carmarthen rose, and, stepping out half a pace from the bench so that there might be more room for his cocked coat-tail when with familiar gesture he thrust his hand beneath it, begged to address to the COLONIAL SECRETARY "a Question of which I have given him private notice."

There was the same noble brow under which, astride an unobtrusive nose,



An Impression of Dr. F-r-q-l-r-s-n.

glistened the interrogative spectacles; the same kindly but firm manner. Almost, under the trousers with which later fashion clothed the legs of authority, DON JOSÉ fancied he could trace the gaiters.

"I will ask the House," added Mr. DAVIES, waving his right hand, "to give the right hon. gentleman their attention while he kindly replies."

That only the beginning. Since that day DON JOSÉ has constantly been strained on the rack by the Member for Carmarthen. A visit to the United States, occasioned by international complications not unconnected with the business of carriers, gave him an interval of respite. It was a coincidence, purely a coinci-



The Chief Secretary to the "Lhard Liff-ten'nt."
(Mr. G-rge W-ndh-m)

dence, that when the newspapers announced the return of the Member for Carmarthen to Westminster, the COLONIAL SECRETARY had an attack of gout that confined him to his room. Last week Mr. DAVIES, stepping out to address a Question to the right hon. Gentleman, observed his absence and extended graceful assurance of sympathy. Encouraged by this friendly token, DON JOSÉ to-day returned to his post. His re-appearance led to one of those incidents that ennoble Parliamentary strife and irrigate the arid course of party politics.

"Question 57, Mr. SPEAKER, to the COLONIAL SECRETARY. And," Mr. PICKWICK continued with comprehensive wave of his hand, "I am sure the House will join me in welcoming the right hon. Gentleman on his recovery."



On Beye'lf of the Aggericaltural Labourer.
(Mr. Br-dh-rat.)

DON JOSÉ visibly affected; master of himself though Liberal Ministries fall, his voice now trembled as he made acknowledgment of this friendly overture. PRINCE ARTHUR suspiciously sniffed as he unfolded his pocket handkerchief and gazed reflectively into its depths. In Strangers' Gallery there was not a dry eye.

Business done.—Mr. JEMMY LOWTHER, looking in from Ascot on his way to Exeter Hall, delivers a speech prepared for last Thursday's Debate on the Sugar Duty. ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, resenting the delay, offers, sotto voce, a few remarks that sound like extracts from the Athanasian Creed.

Tuesday night.—ST. MICHAEL comes up quite fresh again with his conundrum, "What is Small Coal?" For him age cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite

variety. Whenever hard pressed by the struggling millionaire coalowner he rises, leans his elbow on desk and remarks, "I confess there is a good deal in what the honourable gentleman says; but can he define Small Coal?"

Of course he can't; necessarily shuts up, and CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER goes on his way resistless.

In the end the thing works out admirably. D. A. THOMAS having moved an Amendment in one of his powerful speeches rich in eloquent pauses, ST. MICHAEL followed. "Can the honourable Gentlemen," he commenced; whereat there was howl of despair from the impoverished millionaires.

"No, no," they cried; "we give it up."

ST. MICHAEL, justly pleased, not disposed to be outdone in generosity, met surrender by liberal compromise.

During his first Session in the House of Commons, the MEMBER FOR SARK dined with a company that included that most delightful of men the late Lord GRANVILLE. A lady announced the interesting fact that a son had been born to ROBERT BROWNING and his wife, then resident in Florence.

"The funniest, oddest thing you ever saw," she said.

"Ah," smiled Lord GRANVILLE, "then there will now be, not two Incomprehensibles, but three Incomprehensibles."

ST. MICHAEL has added a fourth. It is Small Coal. Having established it in the category, having exacted admission of its impregnability, he could afford to be lavish.

"We know," he said, "the limit of human power, even in this potent assembly. We can't square the circle; we can't gag Ca'pen TOMMY BOWLES, and we can't define Small Coal. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll relieve from the shilling export duty all coal delivered free on board at six shillings a ton, and you may call it small coal or great, as you like."

DAVID THOMAS fell on JOICEY's breast, and dropped a coal-black tear on his cambrie front.

"It is not everything, JAMES," he said, "but it will save us from starvation. It will yield a crumb for our little ones, and a jug of water for the stranger at our gate. Let us re-Joicey."

To this pitiful depth was reduced an ordinarily staid colliery owner.

Business done.—Mutual concession; the coalowners give up CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER'S riddle, CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER gives up portion of Coal Tax.

Thursday night.—The vital truth that underlies the observation "One man may steal a horse whilst another may not look over the hedge" was illustrated just now

in case of Mr. WEIR. On Consolidated Fund Bill JOHN DILLON nagged at length at Mr. BRODRICK, accusing him of having, four months ago, misled the House as to position of the forsaken Boer women in the refugee camps. Performance lasted fully an hour. BRODRICK made detailed reply; JOHN DILLON worked off repeated rejoinder; LLOYD-GEORGE said a few words.

Mr. WEIR, a patient listener, felt his hour had come; quite a long time since he had an innings. What with verbosity of Irish members, activity of the Welsh, no opening for modest Scotch gentleman. Now it presented itself. Mr. WEIR rose; solemnly adjusted his *placé-nez*; through the House rumbled the noise of the hydraulic machinery whereby his voice is drawn up from the reservoir of his boots. Click! It was all right; ready for a good forty minutes' spin.

"Is the right hon. gentleman a Weir—?"

As in the analogous case of *Marmion*, these were the last words of the Member for Ross and Cromartie. Up sprang PRINCE ARTHUR. "I move that the Question be now put," he said.

Mr. WEIR slowly sank in his seat, as at eventide, in far-off Ross, the sun drops behind Ben Wyvis. There was no appeal. It was the Closure; brute force brought to choke off Highland eloquence. One thing Mr. WEIR might do; he could demand a Division. So when the SPEAKER put Question of Closure and declared "the Ayes have it," a deep-throated "No," sustained by a disproportionate quantity of unused hydraulic power, rolled through the House.

Thus was Mr. WEIR avenged. PRINCE ARTHUR refused him even five minutes in which to speak. The Division on the Closure occupied fifteen.

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

House of Lords, Friday.—Mr. CHOATE, hearing that the Moorish Ambassador had been down to House in a white shirt, thought it time United States had a look in. Settled himself comfortably in side gallery this afternoon, and had refreshing sleep whilst LANSDOWNE discoursed on British Army. Woke up hearing WOLSELEY referring to America.

"For its size, mind you, I say for its size," F. M. repeated, holding up his little finger, "I call the Army of the United States the finest in the world."

"Shake!" said the American Ambassador, feeling in the neighbourhood of his moustache with intent to give it a military curl. Not finding it, he squared his shoulders and softly whistled a bar from "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Business done.—In the Commons PRINCE ARTHUR, by this time quite used to the domestic manoeuvre, abandoned the Infant Education Bill.

JULY.

THE sun is a-blasting
Mid Heaven's deep blue,
The Idler is lazing
In punt or canoe.
The muslin maiden
Drifts down with the stream,
With strawberries laden
And sugar and cream.

The batsman so merry
The willow is wiewling,
The fielder is very
Reluctantly fielding.
The Varsity chappie
Is lunching with zest;
He's perfectly happy
And perfectly dressed.

The fly's mobilizing
In every domain
His most tantalizing
Hot weather campaign.
The mother's repairing
To seasidly spot,
The father is swearing
Because he is not.

The yachtsman in flannel
Triumphant is found;
The Solent or Channel
He's sailing around.
The farmer in making
His hay is immersed,
The City man's slaking
A business-like thirst.

And everyone's planning
Their annual trip;
On beach they'll be tanning,
In ocean they'll dip.
We're feeling, to be sure,
A trifle run down,
Then, hey for the sea-shore—
Away from the town!

FURTHER REGULATIONS FOR HENLEY.

(Under the Consideration of the Thames Conservancy.)

No piano playing shall be permitted on house-boats during the racing, so that the attention of coxswains shall not be thereby distracted.

To avoid a crowd collecting on the course, no craft shall be permitted to leave the shores between the hours of 6 A.M. and 9 P.M.

To preserve decorum, only lemonade and ginger-beer shall be drunk during the illuminations, and fireworks shall henceforth be restricted to one squib and a couple of crackers to each house-boat.

Finally, recreation of every kind shall be discontinued, so that in future the unpopularity of the County Council on land shall find its reflection in the universal detestation in which the Thames Conservancy shall be held by those living on the river.

THE MAN BEHIND THE PEN.

A "Literary" Play.

["The immense competition among young publishers, and the hawking round of books to the highest bidder by the literary agent, has made publishing a less remunerative pursuit than formerly; and I have in my mind's eye a number of publishers whose houses are less magnificent than those of at least a dozen authors whom I could name."—*Sphere*, June 22.]

The scene represents a magnificent apartment in the palatial abode of a fashionable Author. The beautifully carved walls of sandal-wood, where they are not concealed by priceless tapestries, are hung with countless "old masters." Gorgeous portières of Eastern design and colouring usurp the function of doors, and conceal rows of books bound "in the best possible taste and style." The Author languishes on a Tuscan divan, chatting airily to a peer or two. All are toying with most expensive cigarettes. Immediately behind the Author is a Japanese Idol composed of several precious metals, which serves as a pedestal for a twin pair of jewelled typewriters, while a miniature Indian Temple (the gift of twenty Rajahs) contains the gold-edged paper. Near by stands a console table, with platinum and ivory legs, bearing wines and spirits of the choicest vintages and brands, an invisible electric fan supplements a rose-water fountainette in tempering the metropolitan air, while a thousand ingeniously concealed electric globes diffuse a soft radiance over the elegant apartment. Nuggets of Transvaal gold lie scattered here and there in charming disarray. A secretary in vermilion and gold uniform announces a Visitor, who crawls in slowly on all fours, and continues bowing his head until the Author motions him by a swift movement of his jewelled hand to arise. He does so and sits timidly on the edge of a Louis Quatorze chair.

Author (with surprising affability). Evenin'. How goes it?

Visitor (properly overawed by the sphere of splendour—with trepidation). Excellently.

Author. Good. How are my novels and Essays and Poems and travel books doing? What does the world think of my latest outbreak of genius, *The Mystery of the Crimson Pillow Slip*?

Visitor. It is already in its twenty-eighth edition. We omitted to print the—er—first twenty editions—

Author (nonchalantly). A mere printer's error.

Visitor (only half convinced). Doubtless.

Author. Shall I scoop £20,000 out of it? A paltry sum for a twenty-five thousand word story. (Making a lightning mental calculation, the process strangely visible in the working of his mobile features.)

Visitor (pleading tremulously). Only—only a quarter per cent.

Author. Good heavens! How on earth do you expect me to live!

Visitor (with callous reiteration). Only a quarter per cent.

Author (a shade of annoyance on his strong, intellectual face). I'm not a business man.

Visitor (glancing round sumptuous apartment, dubiously). No—

Author. But the Anglo-American Literary Trust are willing to pay me £50,000 a year. If I accept—

Visitor (imploringly). But you won't— (By the firm lines about the mouth of the Author, the Visitor judges it best not to press his claim.) Then I suppose I must be content with my usual eighth per cent.

Author (the hard lines relaxing). I'm awfully sorry. But you see how I am situated. One must live. The competition is so keen now-a-days. The Agents cut things so fine. One must go with the stream or sink

[Offers the Visitor a costly cigarette, but he is too overcome to accept it and crawls out of the room sobbing bitterly.]

A Peer. Who was that little, weedy, undersized object?

Author (with a cruel and heartless laugh). My poor devil of a publisher!

(Scene closes slowly and softly.)

COOL PARLIAMENTARY LARDER



THE DEVONSHIRE CREAM.

Martha Balfour (house-keeper). "THERE, DON'T 'EE CRY, DUKEY DEAR! I'VE PUT IT AWAY, AND IT'LL KEEP BEAUTIFULLY TILL NEXT YEAR. AND I'VE GIVEN YOU SOMETHING TO GO ON WITH!"

Why, dash it all, it's under £1000 a word!

Visitor (nervously slipping off his chair, and quickly readjusting himself). Ye—yes, I am afraid it is.

Author (sensibly moved by the mathematical discovery). Starvation prices!

Visitor. I'm sorry, because (hesitates), I was going to ask—(passes his finger nervously round the brim of faded silk hat) if—I could possibly look to making fifty pounds out of the venture.

Author (in open-eyed astonishment). Fifty pounds!

vegetables. We have heard of tickling trout, and have ourselves pinched peaches, apricots and pears, to ascertain if they were ripe, but to apply our fingers with the same object to potatoes, carrots, turnips, kidney beans or even tomatoes, has never been our custom. In Lincolnshire the practice may obtain, but surely the penalty is in excess of the crime? Why not try a gin on the June-nipper instead of executing him with fire-arms? The gardener of Metheringham seems to be rather too much of a marksman. Of course, he will shoot the pinchers with grape-shot.

HAUGHTY-CULTURE.

A GARDENER at Metheringham, in Lincolnshire, has set up the following announcement in his garden:

"NOTICE.—Anybody found pinching vegetables from this garden will be shot. By Order."

This seems a strong announcement, especially when we fail to recollect a single instance of anyone pinching

PURIS OMNIA PURA.

[“At the Jubilee Convention of the Y. M. C. A. in Boston, U. S., the Methodist Bishop and other zealous gentlemen issued a solemn manifesto against the public reception of the delegates at the Museum of Fine Arts, on the ground that classic nude statuary is exhibited there. The protest was ignored by the Executive Committee.”—*Westminster Gazette*.]

Chorus of Statues.

WHAT is Beauty? Whence is she?
From the halls of heaven
Beauty came at Zeus' decree,
Human kind to leaven.

“Go!” he said, “rejoice my sight
With a vision fair and bright—
Women phantoms of delight,
Men with strength of seven.

“I have given man a mind
Priceless past all measure,
And I would a casket find
Worthy such a treasure;
Let the fairest form and face
Deck with Aphrodite's grace,
This my jewel's resting place!
Such my royal pleasure.”

Enter *Hermes by Praxiteles*.

Her. Hush! Hush! This is no time for beauty's praise!

Cho. The matter? Why your warning finger raise?

Her. They come!

Cho. Who? Who?

Her. Close on my wingéd sandals,

Behold, a horrid horde of hateful Vandals!

Top-hats!

Cho. No, no!

Her. Frock-coats!

Cho. Wo, wo!

Her. And terrible trousers!

Cho. Never!

Her. Funereal black!

Cho. Alas! Alack!

Has beauty fled forever?

Her. Hush! they are here! Look where they crowd and crush!

Cho. What are they saying?

Her. Listen.

Cho. Hush! Hush! Hush!

Chorus of Y. M. C. A. Members without.

Spiritual souls are we,
Holy, chaste and pure,
From temptations wholly free,
From the world secure.

Cream of creation, we come here to-day,
Salt of the earth and the Y. M. C. A.

(entering.)

Oh, oh! did you ever—
How shocking! I never
Expected such horrors to sup!
What classical crudities!
Barbarous nudities!

Cover them, cover them up!

First Y. M. C. A. Member. Sheets! blankets! If they have no
decent garments,

Rather than they contaminate the world,
My own frock-coat upon this hussy—

Venus of Milo. Goth!

With'old thy impious hands, or, by the gods,
The heavens shall blight thee. I contaminate?
I, on whose grace the wondering world has gazed
Enraptured—I, the acme of all art—

Oh, for a word to tell thee what thou art,
Thou doting ass!

First Y. M. C. A. Mem. O wicked, wicked woman!
Hast thou no shame? No shred of virtue left,
That thou dar'st flaunt it thus with front of brass,
Stirring the evil passions?

V. of M. Self-condemned!

Know'st not thy country's motto, *Honi soit*

Qui mal y pense? Upon that text I'll preach.

Some prigs delight to hold that the world is bad and bold,
And that everything is only meant to hurt you,
And were the truth confessed, they believe themselves
possessed

Of an absolute monopoly of virtue.

It delights them to impute all the passions of the brute
And the very, very vilest of intentions,
And the reason of the same is that any higher aim
Is quite beyond their little comprehensions.

Because you have no heart to appreciate high Art,

It doesn't, as you seem to fancy, follow

That another one who can is a bad and wicked man,
And his higher aspirations merely hollow.

Go, go, thou pious prig, with thy own importance big!

It is surely, surely time that thy attention

To this simple fact be given: There are things in earth and
heaven

That are quite beyond thy little comprehension.

Chorus of Y. M. C. A. Members.

There is certainly something in that,

And although it may savour of treason

To our worthy friend here, it is perfectly clear

That the lady is not without reason.

Yes, we rather opine she is right,

Though at first her costume is alarming

To the unprepared eye, one can scarcely deny

That the Venus of Milo is charming.

First Y. M. C. A. Mem. My friends, I would warn you! Beware!
She will ruin your morals!

Cho. What stuff!

First Y. M. C. A. Mem. She's a hussy—

Cho. Absurd!

First Y. M. C. A. Mem. And a bad—

Cho. Not a word!

First Y. M. C. A. Mem. Wicked woman—

Cho. Shut up, Sir! Enough!

You're only a prating old prig,

And we strongly advise you to lie low;

Belong though we may to the Y. M. C. A.,

We can worship the Venus of Milo.

“THE PARTY” AT THE AVENUE.

MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH has found an outlet for his dual talent as dramatist and actor at the Avenue Theatre. His new and interesting play, *The Night of the Party*, is going strong. That it should be going strong speaks well both for company and audience. The piece, although possibly suggested by such productions as *High Life Below Stairs* and the *Lackey's Carnival*, has a novelty of its own. MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH—must earmark him from Brother Gee-Gee—has made his hero, “the gentleman's gentleman,” very human. In some respects the life from below stairs might give a lesson to the existence on a platform a couple of stories higher. The servants pictured by the author show a chivalry not usually associated with the atmosphere of the pantry and the house-keeper's room. For the rest, MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH is a host in himself, literally and figuratively, supported by a capital company of comedians. Miss MAY PALFREY is charming.

ADDITIONAL ANTICIPATIONS.—III.

(By R. Tesian Wells.)

WE have already seen by our extracts from the daily papers of the latter half of this century, that the readers' time will not be wasted by any attempts at redundant elegance or stately verbosity. When every needless word is omitted it would be impossible to imitate JOHNSON or MACAULAY, or, above all, BLOWITZ, the three great masters of literary English. The journals of the future—consisting wholly of paragraphs, every paragraph illustrated in colours—will attract chiefly by their price, never more than one "fif," that is, the fiftieth part of a "twen," one-twentieth of a sovereign in the decimal coinage of that period. Even the leading articles of the *Times*, long published in a separate form every Saturday at the price of two fifs, will eventually disappear.

One newspaper, however, the *Tailor and Cutter*, will remain faithful to the finest traditions of the older journalism. No one ever saw a tailor or even a cutter—except a racing cutter—in a hurry, and no one ever will. The journal devoted to the interests of those serene and stately persons will continue to use language worthy of them, and in its dignified leisure it will have time not only to chronicle the present but also to review the past. We have the pleasure of reproducing, or ante-producing, from its pages the following article, entitled "Costume for Gentlemen in Days of Yore":—

Amidst the manifold occupations of this agitated age but few have leisure or inclination to study the attire of Auld Lang Syne, or to investigate the origin of each species of garment worn by men, to use the curt language of the present day, or by gentlemen, in the more elegant phraseology of a bygone period. Our grandparents considered the "topper" hat a permanent institution of our native land. They would never have dreamed that it would eventually be worn by only one gentleman, the Speaker of the House of Commons when in the Chair. There was also the "bowler" hat, still worn by the umpires at the professional cricket matches, but why it was named after the bowler, or whether it was ever worn by him, the most careful research is unable to discover. When the ordinary hat of to-day, which it would be superfluous to describe, was first introduced, every one asserted that it would never supersede the "topper" hat, at least in "Capel

Court," the old name of the Stock Exchange, still applied to the gigantic edifice at Highgate, N.C. Yet the last wearer of this head covering, a venerable broker, died at an advanced age many years ago.

It was the same with the "frock-coat," not to be confused with a lady's "frock," or "petticoat." This ancient garment, now only to be seen in the Historical Costume Museum at Chichester, S. S. W., a suburb so easily reached for thirty fifs by the Isle of Wight Motoroad, was once universally worn by gentlemen in London, and was considered the *fine fleur du smart*. With the "topper" hat it vanished in the early days of the primitive motor, that strange, vibrating, smelling

of the entire universe. Unaltered amidst these variations, the exquisite white expanse of the snowy shirt front remains as it was at the beginning of the century. Fashions in day garments—literally the *ephemeridæ* of our art—have altered in accordance with the changes in locomotion, in occupation and in life generally, but the evening attire of the English gentleman seems eternally fixed.

In one respect it has advanced. Sixty or seventy years ago the crease in the trousers became the fashion. Now that all gentlemen, and even some authors, artists and other persons usually indifferent to their appearance, have their complete evening attire pressed every day, the effect is much finer. The ancient

Greeks themselves would have gazed in astonishment at the elegant *habitués* of the New Opera House at Cambridge, N., or the Riverside Music Garden at Oxford, W., those two suburbs (so conveniently situated within the half-twen zone on the Western and Northern Motoroads) which are especially devoted to the encouragement of music, literature and the arts in general.

It was our good fortune to attend the Japanese Opera Cycle at Cambridge, and to observe with admiration the appearance of those gentlemen who had just come on by motor from dinner at the newest Restaurant d'Été of the Cercle Gastronomique de Londres on the Norfolk Broads. Nothing could be handsomer than the appearance of an English gentleman in the evening, during this, the second, half of the twentieth century, with an unbroken crease down each leg, down each arm, down the middle of his back, and at each side of his rigid shirt-front, looking,

to quote the words of a distinguished critic of sartorial art, "as though he were clothed in cardboard." H. D. B.

VITA BREVIS.

["SHORT's" in the Strand is being demolished.]

A SPOT not altogether smart

But haunted by a race of toppers
Who came from each dramatic mart,
And scowled distrust at interlopers.

Fat plummy buns were close beset
By choicest brands of brimming port,
And here the fellow hail-well-met
Made art and life together Short.

The L. C. C. with vandal grin
May wonder what SHORT's "might have
bin,"

And in their own complacent way
Rejoice that SHORT's will longer stay.



"THE MOTOR CAR IS AT PRESENT ONLY IN ITS INFANCY."

Daily Paper.

vehicle which our grandfathers thought so wonderful, and its place was taken by the present *distingué* garment, which, like the modern hat, it would be superfluous to describe. Nor need we refer to the difference between the modern morning or afternoon leg-coverings and the old trousers.

The alterations in evening attire appear trifling to the unprofessional eye. To the keener vision of the artistic designer and connoisseur the subtle variations in the cut of the trousers—now "peg-top," and anon wide-spreading at the ankle—the delicate *nuances* in the height of the coat-collar, and the *soupons* of change in the opening of the waistcoat, alike breathe a whisper of that eternal evolution, that persistent, though gradual, adaptation to the environment, which is the natural law

THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

"The Kingston magistrates recently granted a vaccination exemption certificate to a married woman. A few days later the local vaccination officer informed the Bench that the Local Government Board had instructed him that the mother of a child was not the parent within the meaning of the Act."—*Daily Paper*.]

Is nothing anything, and all
But nothing? Is it true
That words most commonly let fall
Don't mean just what they do?
Oh! who is who? and what is what?
And wherefore is it so?
And if it ain't, why is it not?
That's what I want to know.

has therefore suggested that the turn of simplicity is now about due, and we have, therefore, all gone in for Gardening. We have determined to read you *blasé* country-folks a lesson in rusticity, with a new version of the Rake's Progress, though some of us don't know a (garden or common) rake from a hoe.

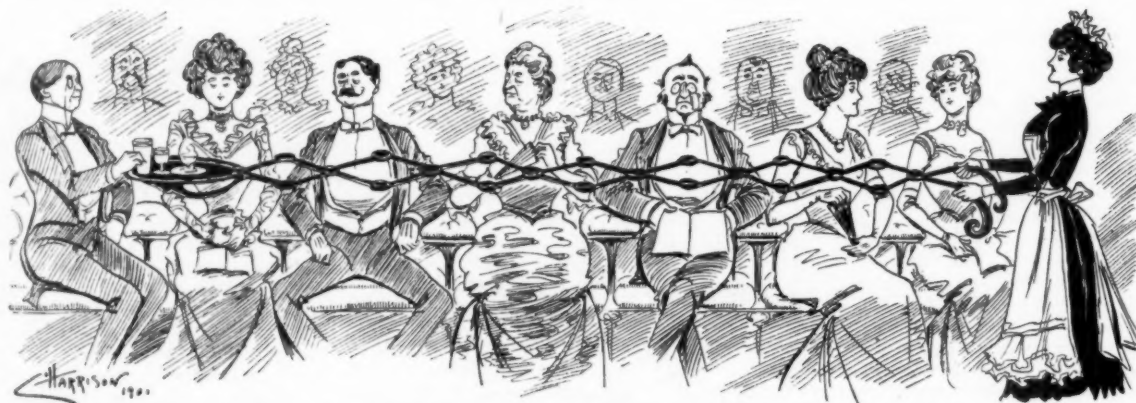
Lady KENSINGTON-GOWER has set the fashion, after reading about *Elizabeth's* German Garden, and so we are all bound to follow. We now call a spade a spade with refreshing directness. The dear old Marchioness of ROUGELY has become quite an adept at top-dressing. Her grandson, young ARTY CHOQUE (my foster-cousin-in-

in West Kensington have formed a Window-Garden Club, nor has Bloomsbury been behindhand. My Monte Carlo friend, Madame DE BROCCOLI, has coaxed a teeny little row of *bijou* cabbages into existence on her bed-sitting-room window-sill; they are the envy of all the other boarders.

Have you heard the story about ALGY VAVASOUR and his prize turnip? I am dying to tell you, but must rush off to the area to water my favourite pumpkin.

Your loving EVA.

P.S.—I have just wired to you that horticulture is "off," so you need not read this letter. We are all now going in for laundry-work.



A SUGGESTION TO THE REFRESHMENT DEPARTMENTS OF OUR THEATRES, MUCH SIMPLER THAN THE OLD METHOD OF STRUGGLING BY AND WOULD PREVENT THE MEN GOING OUT BETWEEN THE ACTS.

It seems to ordinary wits

A mother to her son

Is bound to be a parent. It's

Apparent she is none.

The L. G. B. declare the fact;

They say, no parent she

Within the meaning of the Act—

If meaning there can be.

Of course, 'tis so since so they say

Who say that it is so;

But if these are not parents, pray,

Who are, I'd like to know?

O Bumble, long ago we heard

The Law defined by thee—

But where wouldst thou have found a word

To suit our L. G. B.?

EVE AND HER LONDON EDEN.

DEAREST MABEL,—You ask me to keep you *au courant* with the latest fashions. I do so with pleasure, only premising that a fresh craze may be sprung upon us before I have finished this letter, in which case I will wire. I daresay you know that Bridge, Ping-pong, and Vint have become successively *démodés*. "Gryllo," a combination of cricket and tennis, was started a day or two ago at the Queen's Club and is now out of date. Some genius

law-twice-removed, you know), who is considered the best-dressed man in town, now wears a smock-frock down Piccadilly, and is taking lessons in weeding and gravel-scratching from a professor every morning in the Row. His whim has caught on quite wonderfully, and a new type of liver-brigade has been evolved. Sir MANGELL WORSELL, who is nothing if not original, has obtained permission from the various local authorities to plant potatoes and other esculent roots in the different entrenchments now to be found in the Strand, Regent Street, and elsewhere. He says, quite rightly, that the ditches are there for months, and may as well be utilised.

Smart Mrs. GYLES-HODGSON has started a real roof-garden (not one of the American sort) among the chimney-pots of her charming Park Lane house. She has some special pets in the shape of three dwarf scarlet-runners, which find the soot of those elevated regions most congenial. The youngest she has had potted, and takes daily for a drive in the Park instead of her lap-dog. All Mayfair now clambers through the skylight to attend her very French bean-parties.

The fever has even attacked the dwellers in Flatland, and some of the best people

A DESERTER'S MEDITATION.

SULTRY is the summer day,

And the lawns are cool and shady,

On them throngs, in raiment gay,

Round me many a lovely lady;

While afar the dull debate

Plods with dilatory dripping.

On things of state

I meditate,

From cooling cups at leisure sipping.

Far from tongues' discordant strife,

'Mid fair scenes I fain would hide me,

Snatching hours of happy life

While sweet Daphne sits beside me;

What though cares of statesman-ship—

Clearest, plainest duty—blinking,

The watchful whip

I had to slip,

Out of the House in secret slinking?

What though irate leaders come

With their "black lists" to impeach me?

In these shades the distant hum

Of their threats can hardly reach me.

Heedless what the vulgar deem,

Who with politics are fussing,

To me this cream

And strawberries seem

Matters much better worth discussing.